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ALL SAINTS' DAY AND ALL SOULS' DAY.

THE first and second days of the month of November — the month of serious thoughtfulness, of ingathering, of thanksgiving — have stood for a thousand years with a red mark against them in the Christian calendar, as days of especial and most grateful commemoration. They are hallowed to devout meditation, and hopeful trust in the home and in the Church. The first day of the month is the ancient festival of All Saints; the second is the probably *more* ancient festival of All Souls. Two days and two objects. They are broadly distinguished, meant to stand apart, each representing its own definite conception. And yet they are not far apart. There is only a night between them, in whose shadowed interval the distinction of the two days and the two objects was alike merged, because there are many thoughts and many hopes common to both of them. Two days still and two objects. The first, the precedent one, is All Saints. It commemorates the elect of God, the revered of men, passed from the earth; the faithful of every age and clime; the saints, the excellent of the earth in whom is God's delight, and whom all men honor, after they have died, whatever their esteem or treatment in life. The second, All Souls' Day,

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expressed the thought and hope of largest grasp in the human heart. It recognized the souls of men only on the Divine side, it overrode, it surmounted, all distinctions of race, character, and retribution; it set aside even the boundary between hell and heaven, and commemorated all departed souls, as if none were lost or could be lost, however extreme the peril, however sharp the saving process. Such, in broad, general terms, was the distinction between the days and the objects, and such the successful effort of thought and hope to pass easily over the distinction.

It is difficult to trace, to account for, or to keep in sympathy with, many of the conceptions and observances in human life which have a history of a thousand years to carry with them. There is such a waste of outgrown fancies, such a dreary heap of superstitions gathered in the rubbish of time; there is such a steady change in the ways of thinking among men; there are, also, so many transient but engaging excitements, such a passion for novelty, and so much material for it, too, that anything which can keep the thought and love of men unchanged for a thousand years must be something lying very close to the human heart. And that thousand years' period covers only the especially Christian observance, or expression of feelings which, as we shall see, are so tenderly and graciously human in their substance, that they, though in a feebler, a less devout, and a less spiritual form, entered into the religious rites of ancient heathenism.

It has often been brought as one of the most withering charges against the Roman Church of the Middle Ages, — and the charge has been adroitly admitted by some of the champions of that Church as one of the highest tributes that could be paid to it, — that very many of its rites and usages and fancies were of heathen origin, and can be traced back for their roots in paganism. Be it so, is the acquiescing answer. The heart of man was still human, under heathenism. Whatever that heart yearned after, consecrated, clung to with its living instincts, bedewed with its fondest affections,

is a part of religion for all time. Christ gives it a baptismal name, and makes it his. It is alleged, and truly too, that the religions which men believed and practised before Christ and without Christ, recognized what is essential in the idea of both All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day. Be it so, is the answer; then there is all the more ground in reason, all the more warrant in the human heart, for wedding the human and the Christian in perpetual union.

What if All Saints' Day is but the Christian name of, the Christian successor to, the old heathen festival day in honor of deified men, — the warriors, inventors, poets, sages, law-givers, of almost fabulous ages? What if All Souls' Day is but the perpetuation of an old superstitious, dreamy incantation of the dead? Days and ideas, as well as bodies, may be washed and purified and baptized, while human nature, through its identity in the sentiments of the heart, will make old truths all the more fragrant, old affections all the more lovely.

There is something common to heathenism and Christianity, as well as something especially Christian, in the sentiment which consecrates two days in every year for the two objects of these grateful festivals. Dreary enough at best is the retrospect of human life on this earth, as history for the most part draws it for us. We seize cheerfully upon any record, tradition, or relic that it has to give us, which consecrates pure affection and preserves to us the glimmers of any high hope, or tender sympathy, or refining fancy. The Christian religion effects much of its selectest influence for good by purifying, by refining, by giving intensity to the natural affections and the natural workings of affection in the common heart of humanity. It is only in fragments, and with a debasing mixture of other sentiments, some of them very repulsive to us, that we could find traces in heathenism of feelings and fit observances such as we could approve in commemoration of the departed good or the promiscuous dead. The transition from really barbaric rites to our modern Christian solemnities

is marked in all its stages, for a curious and skilled searcher after it, in the sombre, yet often genial annals and customs of the Middle Ages. Exactly in proportion as higher truth, apprehended by the spirit and appropriated by the heart, refines and purifies the life which man lives on the earth, so does he fashion loftier and more spiritual conceptions of the possibilities of experience for the departed. Just as the earth is cleansed and made new to us will our heaven be a new one too.

There is one point of peculiar interest presented by the relations between All Saints' and All Souls' Days; it is the distinction between those days, the reason of the distinction, the amount of it, the way in which we treat it. Our honest, sincere promptings tell us that we ought to recognize and commemorate with especial veneration the elect and sainted who have passed from the earth; so we have All Saints' Day. Our hope and charity, reminding us that all the children of God are his by creation and care, however they may know or treat their Heavenly Father, prompt us to look for mercy for all departed souls; so we have an All Souls' Day. Thus we first try to do justice to the especial prerogative of holiness, excellence, virtue, sainthood; and then we yield ourselves to the ventures of a universal, all-hoping, all-believing charity. The heaven which those two days would present to us is a heaven whose heights or centres of bliss are the portion of the elect, while its outermost circle is drawn outside of all the children of God who have ever lived on the earth. Such is the simple philosophy, whether really Christian or only human in its teachings, which between All Saints' and All Souls' Days first draws a very deep distinction, and then hides or covers a part of it.

We must reserve the highest commemorative love and reverence of our hearts for the pure, the faithful, and the good. We must recognize distinctions of character and merit among human beings, for there are such distinctions. Whether we acknowledge the essential quality of goodness in

a very large or a very small number of our race, we must admit degrees in the quality itself, — degrees of purity, degrees of intensity, degrees of power and efficiency, — till in some, as the elect of God, it takes the substance of saintliness. There are fictitious and legendary saints strewn all over the calendar of the Christian Church. There have been false estimates of piety, fond delusions of a morbid or a fanciful devoteism, by which the tribute of sanctity has been rendered to those unworthy of it. But for each single case of undeserved or fictitious claims of sainthood, allowed to men or women by name on the rosaries of devotion, there has been a nameless or forgotten saint who, in obscurity, unrecognized, or unappreciated, was winning the palm of those beatified by God. Indeed, the sentiment and consecrating purpose of All Saints' Day suggest to us all the reasonable and generous allowances to be made in this direction. As soon as the usage became established in the old Church, of designating individuals by ecclesiastical process, for the honors of sanctity, and assigning one day in a year for their public commemoration at shrines and altars, it was plain that a limit would soon be reached in all fair or edifying indulgence of that method. The year had not days enough for such individual tribute. The theory was, that the whole Church in its unity and its universality, should render that tribute to each subject of it by name, on the same day, at all its wide-spread shrines and altars. But there were saints whose reputation was only local, that of a village, a province, a country, and so a jealousy arose as to rival claims and degrees of notoriety. It was to meet all these straits and inconveniences, and especially for that most grateful debt which our hearts owe to the unnamed, the obscure, the lowly, the forgotten, the unappreciated men and women who lived and died in the real odor of sanctity, that one day was appointed that should bear no one name, but should gather them all under its illumined cloud, as they all walk in brightness. Only in that broad, comprehensive embrace of the known and the unknown, the

eminent and the humble, in the service of a consecrated life on the earth, can such a day as that engage the grateful response of all Christian hearts in common. The judgments and sentences pronounced by historians and biographers on some of the most shining and honored names on the list of accredited saints vary very widely as they are given from sectarian, party, or personal points of view, just as do judgments pronounced upon eminent living persons. It is well that large freedom should be left for individual standards, preferences, and partialities, in all such commemorative tributes, so that each one may select his own shrine and his own type of sanctity. There are those who, while freely and heartily recognizing the possibility of saintliness, and its realized charms and glories in some who have lived on the earth, hesitate to have others select for them the objects of their reverence. They insist upon a right to make their own calendar. The Puritans as a class were as devout believers in sainthood as were the Romanists, and when they rejected the days and the names which were proffered to them, their protests and aversion were pointed by their intelligent convictions, or at least by their reasonable suspicions, that many unworthy names were on the Church roll. The Puritan heaven had as many of the beatified and the sanctified of the Church Universal on its thrones, holding palms, as had the heaven of the Romanist. Doubtless some names were common to both, but each party would disdain to copy the other's list. Indeed, when we yield ourselves to the natural promptings of our heart, which will withhold no tribute from the vanished worthies of the earth, when we are satisfied of the reality and the conspicuousness of their virtue, All Saints' Day may have a private as well as a public use for each one of us, for each household too. It may be accepted by each pensive heart, in the recurring periods of its renewed mourning and communion with those most loved, as *their* day in the private calendar. That has been a most lonely and cheerless, if not a most blighted, experience of life, which has not allowed to

an individual, through his whole existence from childhood onward, one at least in all the fellowships of kindred or acquaintance, so pure, so good, so gentle, so true, so faithful in duty, so patient in suffering, as to have passed by his spontaneous trust into the glory of beatitude. All Saints' Day gives us, if we wish it so, empty shrines and uninscribed tablets. We may fill and appropriate them by selections of our own love and faith.

But after the excellent and the good have thus received from Christian hearts their especial commemorative tribute, the cloud which covers them with brightness enlarges, darkening and deepening in its outer folds, as it shadows over all the dead. All the dead, — all who once lived by the breath of life given them by God, — his beloved and his sinning children. What becomes of them? Where are they? How shall we fashion our thoughts, in dismay, or hope as we think of them? No system of religious belief is complete that does not dispose of the dead by conditions consistent with the other points of that belief. No system of religion can retain the reverent faith of intelligent and pious people, that trifles with distinctions of character and righteous retribution in this world; or in any other. And yet — and yet, as the whole tendency of modern thought, in its remonstrance and impatience and defiance against the exclusiveness and partiality of the old creed, assures us — no system of religious belief can satisfy the most generous affections and confidence of the human heart, that speaks with positive hopelessness about the promiscuous dead.

The Parliament of Great Britain has within this year been earnestly discussing a subject which bears directly upon this point. That Parliament may seem a strange court of appeal before which to bring such a question; but the question came before it in its capacity of a legislature for the National Church, on this wise. In the solemn order of service in that Church to be read at the burial of the dead, and

which allows no variation of a word for monarch or peasant, saint or sinner, occurs this sentence of prayer over the grave, after the body has been lowered into it : "We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Christ, *as our hope is this* our brother or sister doth." This last clause, the confident expression of a Christian hope for all the dead, afforded the subject of earnest debate on petitions from very many clergymen who were obliged officially to read it over every grave, asking that it might henceforward be erased by authority from the Burial Service. They said they could not in good conscience, honestly, believingly, read that sentence as prayer over some whom they were called to bury. Notorious evil-livers, the unbelieving, the impenitent, whose whole course of existence was a defiance of the laws of God and man, blasphemers and scoffers too, were included among the daily gatherings of death in their crowded communities. How could they as Christian ministers, after preaching the doctrines of their Church in pulpits, go into the burial-ground, and there, surrounded by those who well knew the wicked and abandoned course of life that was freshly closed, pronounce over their graves the same sweet words of pure hope that are to be breathed over the most godly and virtuous in their death ?

In the course of the discussions by the press and the Parliament which this exciting question called out, an incident of a most impressive character was publicly reported, as if it had occurred providentially to point the moral of the offence alleged. A clergyman of the Church, officiating at the burial of one who had led an evil and unfaithful life, had just read the sentence in the prayer, when the widow, standing by the grave, stung, perhaps, by the memory of sharp suffering or cruel experience visited upon her by him, or perhaps mingling with that bitter remembrance a sense of the mockery breathed forth in the expression of Christian hope for

one so unworthy as her husband, exclaimed aloud, in the agony of her spirit, "You may read what you please from your book, but my husband was a very wicked man, and I know he has gone to hell!"

But the petitioners failed of their object, Parliament decided against them. The grievance of individual consciences was freely admitted. And let us mark with emphasis this fact, that no one of the petitioners, nor of the speakers who sided with them, avowed that, as a Christian, he was forbidden to cherish or express a hope for any one, however wicked or impenitent, among the dead; the objection was to the being compelled to declare that hope in cases where the utterance of it seemed to be almost a mockery.

Most suggestive and instructive is the substance and the result of such a debate, in which the tenets of theology and the class feelings of ministers of religion come under discussion at a high civic tribunal, where common sense and sound reasoning are supposed to preside. The decision is but a re-enactment of the old, tender, genial, gracious custom of the Church which consecrated the Festival of All Souls, following immediately after the Festival of All Saints. The essence of the matter is, that the human heart will and must cherish hope, and not allow despair, for all the dead.

And here and thus come into direct conflict two of the most living convictions and sentiments which nature and religion alike foster in the human heart, — first, our belief in the special prerogative of holiness as the condition of future happiness; and, second, the strong prompting of a universal, all-believing, all-hoping charity, for the salvation of every child of God. Say what we will about it, that conflict between our belief that heaven belongs to the pure, the penitent, and the forgiven alone, and our hope for all the dead, — that conflict between our belief and our hope, — is the point at which our religion is subjected to the severest strain.

What becomes of all the dead? What shall we say of them? What shall we believe of them? are two questions,

What shall we hope for them? is still a third. We know how many sin-stained lives are closed every hour of time. We know how many debased and imbruted men and women, how many reckless and impious sinners, how many to whom this mortal life was but a riot in iniquity, have passed into the fearful shadows of death, without a single ray of hope for themselves. And shall we hope for them? Yes; tremblingly and fearfully we will. And our hope shall not rest upon anything short of the largest and most solemn truth concerning human nature, namely, that all souls are of God, in their essence divine; rays and emanations of the Infinite Spirit of all life and intelligence and holiness. They came from God, they still belong to God. They are of his breath; his life. God created the waters that are on the earth; there is not a drop less, not a drop lost. How are these waters fouled by earthly uses; how are they purified above; how are they dissipated and gathered again drop by drop. Some water hangs in human tears; some of it is drank up every moment from the surface of the sea; some of it from the wood which we burn in the household fire; some of it from each blade of grass withering into stubble. And how is it with the rays of light which go forth in all directions from the morning sun? They are all gathered back to it at its setting: not one ray is quenched; not one left behind. They have shined on land and sea, on the tasks of virtue and the revels of vice, on the foul dung-heap and on the points of a diamond. But after all the pollutions which drops of water and rays of light are subject to on the earth, they regain the purity of their essence, and are renewed by fellowship and restoration to their sources. Is it so with the souls of men? the souls of all the dead,—All Souls? Hope seizes upon the possibility that it is so, and as a hope the human heart will cling to it,—has a right to it. That is the simple reason why All Souls' Day succeeds to All Saints' Day, with a night between. Two days and two objects still. We have faith that the saints are now in bliss; we have hope for all souls.

For reasons which at once present themselves in full force to every serious mind, we must be content to confine that hope to its own generous and trusting inspiration. We must not venture to enlarge it, to force it into the shape of a promise or a certainty; the moment we do that we trespass beyond our bound, and trifle with the sanctities which are the sole prerogative of virtue and true piety. We may say, — who will not say? — that if love — love paternal, all-mighty, all-forgiving — is the crowning attribute of Him who gives life to all souls, the compass of mercy will not allow of any limitation, any exception. And then, if as Christians we draw sanction, strength, and guidance for the faith and hope which natural religion teaches us from the spiritual lessons of our Lord and Master, we shall search his words, his lessons, with deep earnestness to learn how he reconciles the conflict between the conviction that happiness hereafter is the prerogative only of saints, with the hope of mercy for all the children of God. And may there not be a significance deeper even than we have yet imagined in the constant references in his teachings to those severe processes of suffering appointed for the wicked? Those gnashings and agonies of remorse, those gnawings of the worm, those consuming fires must be designed either to destroy utterly at last, or to purge, to renew and save. We know that great tribulations and afflictions are the processes by which even the saintliest and the holiest are perfected. What if it be that sterner and sharper tribulations are made effective for the final salvation of the wicked! What meaning is there in that scale of three baptisms by which Christ receives those whom he calls his own, given to him by the Father, — the baptism of water, which is the simplest; the baptism of the Spirit, which is the swiftest; the baptism of fire, which is the sharpest in anguish, and the most protracted in its process. Unless a man with a human heart, a sinner himself too, is ready to believe that our Father in heaven will prolong the conscious existence of some of his children for the sole purpose of prolonging

their agony, with no ultimate object of purification, he must give a place in his heart to hope for all the dead. The fee-simple, the property value, of each human soul belongs to God. Let us hope that he will at least save his own part in each and all of us.

G. E. E.

PRAYING.

THE following lines were written by a correspondent, who says he tried to see how much philosophy he could get into a hymn. We agree with him, that there is "a sight of truth in it," and we do not see but the poetical dress is perfectly fitting and appropriate. s.

TRUE PRAYER.

'T is not, O Lord, that we would change,
Or *seek* to change, thy sovereign will ;
But 't is that each true prayer of ours
Springs from the Fountain like the rill.

Thou touchest, first, the human soul,
And movest it to strong desire ;
The prayer is felt as all our own,
Quickened with true, celestial fire.

The blessings thou design'st to give,
To souls prepared are thus conveyed ;
For only unto souls prepared
The gifts of God are ever made.

O sacred light of truth and love !
Both gifts and prayers proceed from thee ;
So canst thou ask, and answer too :
No change in thine infinity.

Grant us, O God, thy will in ours,
 To such a constant, large extent,
 That whatsoe'er we ask in prayer
 May be in faith, and quickly sent.

While all true prayer is thus inspired,
 And none e'er answered that is not,
 And thus to pure and mere desire
 Answers from God are sometimes brought,

Yet, where we *can* act, there we *must* ;
 There must the *hands* and *body* pray ;
 Thus only is desire filled out,
 And life divine in perfect play.

'T is only thus the eternal God
 His mysteries will e'er declare ;
 'T is will from him, 't is work with him ;
 And this alone is truly prayer.

WE are born children of the earth, and we do not cease to be such when we become spiritualized. The external of our spirit draws its nutriment from the external world, and we do not leave it behind us as we live more in the internal ; but we fill it with a higher life. Thus our enjoyment of everything beautiful becomes indefinitely heightened in proportion as our affections and thoughts become purified and elevated ; and the more brightly light comes down to us from heaven, the more distinctly we are able to read the book of nature, and to perceive that it was written by the hand of God.

LOVE is the albumen, that nourishes truth. If we would teach our neighbor, we must love him, and we must love the truth. We must love the truth, because it is the word of God, and therefore infinitely perfect ; and we must love the neighbor, because he is one of God's children, and we owe to him every act of spiritual kindness that he will receive from us.

THE GENEALOGIES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THERE is a growing taste in this section of our land for the study of genealogies. Scarcely any extensive family is without some inquisitive member, who is eager to assume the task, toilsome and interminable, of tracing the branches and the root of his race. The study has its scientific organizers ; and there are teachers of the genealogical method as much as of the mathematical or the astronomical, — of rhetoric or of Biblical criticism. Some years ago, a writer in our leading Review gave a list of separate genealogies, published in volume form, on this side of the ocean, quite formidable in its length. There is even a quarterly journal devoted to the subject, containing regularly one or more elaborate specimens. It is a singular fact that such a pursuit should be popular in this Puritan region, where democratic ideas are fixed, and it is a frequent boast that successful men are the architects of their own fortunes and owe nothing to race or ancestry. Why should new men concern themselves about their lineage? Why should lovers of equality care to separate their stock from the common stock, or gather into a tribe the men of their name?

The Apostle Paul, though willing to assert his right as a Roman citizen, and quick to refer to his Jewish purity of blood and education, was yet no lover of this spirit of genealogy-making. He classes genealogies with fables, with foolish questions and contentions. Neither he nor Jesus seems to have chosen friends on the ground of family. In the company of disciples many classes and probably many tribes were represented ; there was a publican from the roadside, there were fishermen from the lake. The Jews as a people were tenacious of their lineage, and took pride in purity of blood. Every household had its pedigree, and few were so ignorant that they could not show how their course of descent had come down from their father Abraham. It was a Rab-

binical, if not a religious injunction, that they should preserve their line of ancestry, handing it down from one generation to another. It is remarkable, therefore, that we have in the New Testament so little of genealogy, that the line of no character but Jesus is traced, and that his line is traced, not by himself, but by writers after his death. We have nowhere, in the words of Christ, any assumption on the ground that he was of the royal line of David. He does not set up the claim of legitimacy, or make his lofty extraction a reason why they should hear and respect him. He rests upon his truth, not upon his family, upon his character and action, not upon the name of his tribe.

There are two genealogies of Jesus in the New Testament, one given at the beginning of Matthew's Gospel, the other early in the Gospel of Luke. They are different genealogies, in the names, in the number of generations, in the method and arrangement. Matthew's genealogy begins at Abraham, and comes downward to Joseph, the carpenter, being divided into three equal portions. Luke's genealogy goes backward from Joseph, through history and the antediluvian ages to Adam, the first man. There is an evident discrepancy, which critics have vainly attempted to reconcile. The genealogy of Luke is usually received as the correct statement. These genealogies of the New Testament stand by themselves. They have no connection with the rest of the history. They could be omitted without any injury to faith. In Church they are not read. They are for criticism, but not for doctrine. They give us no information which we crave or can use. Matthew does not help to prove that the truth which Jesus taught was the fulfilling of the Jewish Law, by showing that he had Abraham for his father. Luke does not help to prove that Jesus was the Son of God, by tracing his descent to God through four thousand years of time. We have better evidence, and adequate evidence without these supplementary testimonies. They are not necessary to the Gospel more than the genealogies of any hero, prophet, or saint are essential to his biography.

But there are several thoughts which these genealogies suggest.

1. Most natural, perhaps, is the thought, which has been condensed into a maxim, that "time levels all distinctions." It is probable that many of these names were of men remarkable in their day for knowledge, for enterprise, for ability, or for fortune. Among so many there must have been some prominent above their fellows. In fact, of some of these characters we have notice in the Old Testament, and know their distinguished place and service. David and the patriarchs are historical characters. Yet to one who had no other sacred writing than the Gospel of Luke in his hand, these, too, would seem like the rest: of all there is nothing but a name. As you read the list, setting aside what you have elsewhere read, you do not know which is high, which is low,—which is the small and which is the great,—who is the king and who the carpenter. Noah is no more than Nagge. Abraham, no more than Aaron. Jesse, no more than Jose. We do not know from this list what kind of reputation and character any one had, whether he was rich or poor,—the owner of flocks and herds, or scarcely able to buy his paschal lamb,—whether he was good or bad, a warrior or a shepherd, a pious man or an idolater. All here are equal, all have the same place,—a line as short, a space as narrow. Of David it is only said, that he was the son of Jesse, and of Adam it is only said, that he was the son of God.

2. Again, these genealogies suggest the thought, How few in the ranks of the children of men make for themselves more than a name, how few even leave that behind. The industry of an inquirer may painfully trace his lineage in tombstones and parish registers for two or three centuries, but except in rare instances he can go no farther, and even of the generations of these few centuries can leave next to nothing. The Jewish biographers of Jesus could connect his name only with a few historical characters. Most of their catalogue are no more than the names of our fathers on tombstones

are to us. The finest and longest roll of ancestry is but a few great names standing out in relief from the level of commonplace names, a few diamonds among the common stones. And there is often to the genealogical investigator, who has toiled for years in libraries and among manuscripts, over illegible parchments, over defaced tombstones, removing moss and dust with infinite patience, sending across the sea and land, all to piece out and complete the links of his family chain,—there is often to this industrious collector a painful reaction, in the thought that all his toil has brought to light only such a list of men who have made no mark upon the world, done nothing that has outlived their age, left no memorial behind them. Let no man look up his genealogy in the idea that he shall find large nurture for filial piety in these ancient records. Men were not all great in the former days, but the world was then much what the world is now.

3. Again, the genealogies of the New Testament show us that that is not the best lineage which has the greatest number of famous names. Matthew's list includes numerous kings of Judah, while Luke's has scarcely any in the royal line. Yet, if one should choose, the last would be more worthy of the Saviour than the first. If less is known of them, it is certain that they did less of evil in their day. It is no honor to the Saviour to have had among his ancestors such tyrants as Rehoboam and Abijah, such idolaters as Ahaz and Manasseh, albeit they were kings. Better common men than these crowned ruffians. There is no satisfaction in multiplying famous names among our ancestry, unless we find that they were famed for virtues, not for vices,—for worth, not for wickedness. That harmless American preacher who in quiet missionary labors had honored the unpretending and common name which he bore, the name of Williams, would have done better if he had never attempted to show that he was a Bourbon. It could not help him in his work to show that he had in his veins the blood of the French Louis. That is not good blood. The pedigree of

Versailles is not honorable. He is most fortunate in his inquiries concerning his ancestry who can find least to be ashamed of, least that he must repudiate, least that in his own life would expose him to the scorn and hate of men. One good name in a thousand years, though it stand alone, is worth a score of famous bad names.

4. And reflection upon these genealogies makes them illustrate the impartial dealing of God, who causeth his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain alike on the just and on the unjust. If honor or disgrace are imparted by them, it is honor and disgrace which the good and evil have alike to share. A bad man may have an honorable lineage, a good man may have a base lineage. There were hundreds of other Jews in the Saviour's day who could have traced their line to David as accurately as Joseph the carpenter; and it is likely enough that some of these were of the number who helped to crucify the Saviour. If Judas had compared his pedigree with that of John, it would probably have appeared as worthy as that of John. It is a poor kind of consolation which worn-out and base men take to themselves and make their boast of, — that they inherit a great name. They shelter themselves under that dignified shade, and hide their own littleness by their ancestor's fame. The emptiness of boast in lineage is shown by this circumstance. Why should you be proud of what another man has made so mean. Your ancestry are the same as his. The unsullied honor of your heart is from the same root as the base scheming of his heart. He has inherited what you have inherited. God wills that the children of the good shall become wicked, and the children of the wicked shall be good, and there is no talisman to protect any race. Joseph was the brother of Simeon and Levi, yet Joseph's son had more of his uncle's than his father's spirit. Josiah was the son of a bad king, and the father of a bad king, too. The honor which ancestry gives is too comprehensive, when you come to view it closely.

5. And this leads us to say that the honor of ancestry is reflex, and not direct. A man may give it to his progenitors, and not get it from them. The virtue and holiness of Jesus ennobled the race from which he sprung ; without him, many of the men whose names the Gospels give us would have passed into utter oblivion, like the rest of their brethren. It is their glory that he was their descendant, not his glory that they were his fathers. His life rescued their lives. Nay, even something is mitigated of the wickedness of those idolatrous kings, when you think that a late atonement was made in the salvation which their descendant brought. It were fit to remember this. He best illustrates his lineage who does deeds worthy of a noble line, who lives such a life that he makes it worth while for the world to know his descent and seek the source of his virtues, who brings his forgotten fathers out from their tombs, not to fill his dull and tedious list of ramified households, but to stand around him in his endeavors with their gracious cheer, glad to partake of his just renown. He truly honors ancestry who needs no ancestry to honor him ; whose story, like that of Jesus, would be complete and winning without any elder name, who might himself be founder of a race. He who is able to transmit honor, can pass it back across the centuries. David, in his heroic days, was only the son of Jesse, the Bethlehem shepherd ; but when he died, they were glad to show how he sprang in high descent from the lion of the tribe of Judah. Jesus, while on the earth, was the son of Joseph and Mary, an humble man of the people. But when his mission was ended, and he had ascended to heaven from his holy life, they could show how he was the scion of ancient kings, the regal Messiah of prophetic promise.

6. And beside these general reflections, there are one or two strict personal lessons which these genealogies teach. They inculcate humility, tell us that we ought not to think of ourselves too highly. They show that few of those distinctions which separate men while they live have any signifi-

cance in the great year of God. Why should I be proud of that which so soon will be taken from me? How many lofty stomachs would have fallen of that company of Jewish worthies, if they could have imagined that the only use which would be made of their names in future ages would be to illustrate the dignity of a carpenter's son, a crucified Nazarene! This, indeed, is the general teaching of history, — personal humility. When the circles of observation are widened, and going out from his own small home, where he is omnipotent, or from the company of kindred, where affection exalts him, or from his sect or party, where he may be an oracle, — going out into the broad world, into the distant and into the past, — man discovers how small he is, how few there are that know or ever will know him, how few care for him, — then he learns humility. Men go away sometimes from the world to the cloister to learn humility. Yet it is a fact of which history gives most copious illustration, that there is more pride in cloistral seclusion than in large intercourse with the world of men. In your own low-ceiled house you are great, and may boast. For your hands have builded it, your taste has adorned it, and men read your name on the door-plate as its owner. But when you walk through some vast Gothic cathedral, whose aisles stretch away in the dim light to the distant altar, like the generations of men back to God the Creator, and read on the funeral stones the names of hundreds whom you never heard of, the genealogy of the Church carved in stone, and think how the manifold builders of this beautiful and stupendous pile are even less known than the names on these ancient stones; when you look in vain for any master here but Christ, you will be truly humbled, you will feel how pitiful is all boasting, and how fit is that virtue which makes the kneeling believer greater than the architect who shaped the fane.

7. Another lesson to us from the genealogies of the New Testament is, that we should not care to live in the future so much as in the present, that we should not sacrifice present

usefulness to future fame. To-day belongs to us, to-morrow only to God. If we labor for posterity only, the chances are overwhelming that our life will be wholly a failure, a beating of the air. If we labor for our own time and in our own place, we add our mite to the great structure which the ages are raising. He who shapes his block for the top of the monument, marking it with his name, and leaving it for other generations to set in its place, calculates unwisely, for before the monument is finished time will have worn away the name from this block, will have defaced its corners, and the late builders will reject it. Wiser he who hews out so well and lays so squarely his life's block, his contribution, on the platform where he stands, that, even if unmarked by his name, it shall give solidity to all the rest. The worthy men of Israel were not those who sought eminence in the future as progenitors of Messiah, but those who really prepared for him by the truths which they spake and the life which they lived. Prophets and priests were more than ancestors. Let us live well to-day, do well all our duty, move the world standing where we are, and then the future will make of us all we are worth. Let no one excuse himself from fidelity to present duties on the plea that he is living for the future. He cannot tell what shall be on the morrow, or whom the future shall need. The present needs him at any rate, and his force and zeal and value must all be wrought into its fabric. The most thoroughly practical work is that which has the longest immortality.

8. Once more, the genealogies of the New Testament teach us not to be unwisely solicitous about the future, not to vex ourselves concerning destiny. Why should we inquire what things God has in store for us on this earth? The future of our names may be high, or it may be faint and still, — alike it is to us of no concern. Long before our earthly destiny is settled, our heavenly destiny is sealed. Long before the Messiah came upon the earth, these ancestors of his had found their place in the spiritual line. They had entered

upon a spiritual mission higher than any temporal mission could be. Perhaps, in the course of two or three centuries, some mousing antiquary may disentomb some name of ours from its long repose to serve in the genealogic list of some famous house on the Pacific shore. But what will be that tardy honor compared with the spiritual experiences on which we must enter long before that season. We shall know sooner than that whether our names are joined to the list of saints and angels, or are written in the Lamb's book of life.

9. And one concluding incidental remark may be made. The disputes which have arisen about the genealogies of the New Testament, and the discrepancies which have been found in them, illustrate the principle that the most confusion is made in the world about things of the least importance. The really momentous truths of the Gospel are the same in all the Evangelists. Concerning them there is no controversy. The life of Jesus is the same in all ; the character of Jesus is the same in all ; the saving truth of religion is the same in all. But those who would weaken the authority of the Scriptures are driven to fasten upon that which might be wholly omitted without injury to the narrative. So it is with controversies in all time. They are fiercest and bitterest where the subject-matter is least practical, least essential. In theology and in life, that which is most valuable is that which all acknowledge. The fact of the atonement of Christ, which all sects confess, is more than the manner of the atonement about which they dispute. The fact of the resurrection, admitted by all, is more than the nature of the spiritual body, so much discussed. The fact of punishment, real and sure to every sin, which none deny, is much more important than the duration of that punishment, which none can know.

C. H. B.

THE RISE OF QUAKERISM.

THERE exists in the world a sect, distinguished from others by peculiarities in the dress and deportment of its members. The ungraceful coat, the broad-brimmed hat, the dull uniformity of the drab color for female as well as male attire, the disuse of all titles of courtesy, and of some forms of innocent civility, and the employment of antiquated or ungrammatical forms of speech ; these are the well-known marks of the Quaker. Among formalists, he is commonly accounted the most formal. He will not lift his hat in respect, even before a king. He has conscientious scruples about the names of months and days ; he will not take an oath in a court of law, and will not fight in defence of his country. He cares not for an educated clergy, but will listen complacently to the exhortations of a self-taught female preacher.

There seems little in all this to attract regard ; and yet there is probably no denomination so kindly regarded by all the others as the Quakers. People do not join them from other sects, but the other sects in general speak well of them. For their sake, law relaxes its sternness, and allows them an exemption from its peremptory requirements. It must be admitted, too, that with the peculiarities already named are blended others, which all must view with respect. The Quakers are honest, peaceable, and friendly. They educate their children ; they take good care of the poor. In a quiet way, they have borne steady testimony against the custom of holding our fellow-beings in slavery, from a period long before the subject had become one of conscientious discussion with any other class. Their opposition to war, if sometimes it has gone beyond the bounds of reason, or proved inconsistent with the claims of patriotism, has far oftener been justified by the frivolous or wicked character of the contests against which it has been directed ; and they have taught nobly and impressively the great lessons of the right of

private judgment, and of the presence of God in the human soul.

We cannot understand the Quakers by observing them only as we see them now. They were the growth of a very different age from ours ; and they grew, not by its favor, but by its opposition. As a mountain pine, springing from the scanty earth in a rifted rock, nursed into vigor by the storm that strives to overthrow it, driving its roots far down the cleft, and twining them around the stones that deny to them any but the most scanty nourishment ; so rose the Quaker sect through scorn and persecution. And as that mountain tree, if transplanted to a rich soil, and protected by a garden-wall, might languish and fade ; so, in our age of light and toleration, is Quakerism decaying. Erelong it may be among the things of the past. If so, let not men think that it deserved its fate, as a system of mere unmeaning formalism. In its time it spoke brave words and did great deeds. It has taught the world grand lessons ; and now that the world has learned them, it is ready to pass away.

In the year 1644, the civil war between Charles I. of England and his Parliament was raging. Not only was the land filled with the outward clash of arms, but the minds of men were agitated in a manner unknown since the Reformation. The Church of England, under the unwise government of Laud, and relying on the despotic measures of the king, had lost the confidence of the people ; and there was no other church organized to take its place. Prince and priest had alike shown their weakness. Vain was the help of man. A thousand hearts were imploring help from God, and while in his wisdom he answered that prayer to each as he thought best, he gave to one humble peasant a word of power, to preach a plain religion to plain common people, to bear testimony against all falsehood and all violence, and to vindicate the great doctrine of the presence of his Holy Spirit in the soul of man.

In that year 1644, a young man named George Fox, " a

rude, gaunt, illiterate lad of nineteen, a shoemaker by trade," met with two of his companions at a fair, and went with them to a tavern to enjoy a stoup of ale together. George was soon satisfied; but the two others called for more liquor, began to drink healths, and said that he who would not drink should pay for all. Their companion, grieved and angry, paid his part and left them.

This trifling incident acted strangely on a character that had been from childhood serious and thoughtful. The rudeness, the dishonesty, the intemperance of his companions preyed upon his mind. He did not sleep that night, but as he says, "sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and called to the Lord." During this long watching, the boy thought he heard a voice from heaven, which said to him, "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all." Interpreting the direction literally, he set forth to wander about the country, wherever the Spirit should guide him. He entered London. He went to the churches and the learned men, with a craving to know the way of life. But their guidance was not for him. Some made sport of the doubts that racked his soul. One advised him to sing psalms and smoke tobacco. Calling upon an eminent clergyman, he was received in his garden; but while George was questioning anxiously about temptation and sin, the minister observed that his uncouth visitor had carelessly trod on one of the flower-beds. Thereupon "he raged as if his house had been on fire"; and the poor shoemaker went away, feeling "how irreligious were all the religions of this world, and the professors thereof."

The answer he could not find from without came at length from his own soul.

"Thou Voice of God within,
Thou of the deep, low tone," —

Thine was the answer, and its chief word was the assurance

of thine own existence ! The great doctrine in which Fox found peace and strength was that of the presence of God in every human soul. "Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Such texts as this he now recognized as revealing literal and precious truth. This was his great principle ; and from this all else in his system proceeded. The dignity of human nature was now recognized. The young enthusiast no longer looked to church or preacher for guidance ; his hallowed guide was within his own soul. Even the Scripture was not to him the Word of God in as high a sense as was the utterance of that inward voice.

Deeming himself thus taught from above, George Fox conceived it to be his duty, not now to search for truth, but to give to others the blessing he had gained. Poverty withstood his eager aspirations in vain. Lest he should have to quit his holy work for the sake of earning money to buy clothing, he made for himself a suit of leather ; and, attired in this, he went forth, with his natural eloquence heightened by intense excitement. The great truth which he had so warmly welcomed became blended with error, because, in his devotion to it, he thought too little of other truths, by which its application should have been regulated. He called on men to listen to the voice within ; to look no longer for guidance to the Church of England, with her ambitious hierarchy, nor to the Independents, with their reliance on the learning of the past. Churches he designated as steeple-houses. A salaried clergy he utterly rejected. As the voice of God spoke in every human soul, every human being was on an equality ; it was therefore unfit for any one to give, by word or sign, any mark of being inferior to another. To use pompous titles was unworthy flattery ; to take off the hat in reverence to man was detracting from the respect due to God and conscience. He went against all shams, all pretences. The months of the year and the days of the week should be called by their true names, as first or second ; not by heathen designations, which were either idolatrous or unmeaning.

From things like these, the founder of Quakerism and his followers rose to the application of their main principle to other subjects. If God dwelt in every human soul, if MAN, God's image, was indeed the greatest and holiest thing on earth, then must the life of man possess peculiar sacredness. Hence, and from a literal interpretation of Scripture, — perhaps, too, from the dread experience of civil strife in that very age, — war was, without exception, denounced by the Quakers. From another literal interpretation they rejected oaths. By a noble application of their great principle, they, at a later period, led the way in denouncing the evil of slavery, purifying themselves from all participation therein.

The name by which they designated and still designate themselves is "The Society of Friends." The appellation "Quakers" was given them by the popular voice, on account probably of a sort of trembling utterance in the manner of their early preachers.

It must be added, in justice to the founders of the sect, that its quaintnesses of dress and language are more observable now than in its earlier days. They adopted a simple dress; it has become strange, because they have but slightly modified it since, while the fashions of the world have greatly changed around them. Their use of the pronouns Thee and Thou was then, and long after, common among the English people in familiar intercourse, the pronoun You being only employed in speaking to superiors or strangers. Its use thus was one of those shams or hollow pretences against which Fox waged war. It is singular that, by the undue stress laid on such trifles as these, a sect which arose as a protest against all formalism should have become the most marked in its formalism of any Protestant denomination.

Persecution met the Quakers, but they conquered it by patience. They were imprisoned, scourged, branded, banished. They resisted not, but they remained steadfast. Some wild fanatics among them gave pretences to their oppressors, by strange and even indecent conduct. But nothing

can excuse the shameful treatment which they encountered. The darkest page in the history of Boston is that which records the execution of Mary Dyer and her associates for the crime of Quakerism.

The great central principle of the sect was not — and, if true, it could not be — original with them. They brought it back to the world's clearer notice, when it had become obscured through the formalism of churchmen and the jargon of sectarians. But it is not their possession alone. Christians of every name receive it now ; and among none is it acknowledged with deeper appreciation than among those who have learned its grandeur from the lips of Channing. That there is something in man's soul that is beyond either priest or pontiff, and that must interpret and judge even the written word ; that man is God's image and God's child, the Spirit of the Father still holding mysterious intercourse with every filial spirit ; and that therefore prince and peasant are substantially equal, freedom the inalienable right of all, and every human life so sacred that nothing but dire necessity can justify its violation ; — these are principles in which we claim to be in harmony with those who own that beautiful name, "The Society of Friends." Let them wear, if they please, that dress, and use that peculiar speech, which are endeared to them by the memory of a venerated past. We feel no obligation to unite with them in these ; we scruple not to bear arms for our country ; and we feel not, in the nineteenth century, those objections to forms of social intercourse and to a regular clergy which the Quakers felt in an age of servility and clerical usurpation. But the greatest of the thoughts they cherished, we recognize, like them, as the fountain of piety and the fundamental principle of civil and religious freedom. It is the truth of the presence of God's Spirit in every human soul, "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It brings us into filial intercourse with our Father in heaven ; it shows us our relation of brotherhood with all on earth. Thus speaks — in his

lines to "Democracy," the true Democracy of Christianity — one who has spread around the plain structure of his Quaker faith the grace and fragrance of the sacred plant of poesy ; one whose name will be honored in after ages as among the purest and bravest advocates of universal freedom : —

" By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN
In prince or peasant, slave or lord,
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

" Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the MAN within.

" And there is reverence in thy look ;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there !"

S. G. B.

EXPERIMENTAL KNOWLEDGE.

" THE exactest knowledge of things is, to know them in their causes ; it is then an excellent thing, and worthy of their endeavors, who are most desirous of knowledge, to know the best things in their highest causes ; and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is, to possess those things, and to know them in experience."

A SURE SIGN OF HAPPINESS.

" IT is one main point of happiness, that he who is happy doth know and judge himself to be so ; this being the peculiar good of a reasonable creature, it is to be enjoyed in a reasonable way ; it is not as the dull resting of a stone or any other natural object in its natural place ; but the knowledge and consideration of it is the fruition of it, the very relishing and tasting its sweetness."

HOME DUTIES IN TIME OF WAR.

BY REV. T. P. DOGGETT.

2 CHRONICLES vi. 34, 35:—"If thy people go out to war against their enemies by the way that thou shalt send them, and they pray unto thee toward this city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name; then hear thou from the heavens their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause."

THIS passage is a part of the prayer which Solomon made at the dedication of the magnificent temple which he had caused to be built in honor of the Lord. The prayer contains many noble and exalted sentiments of piety. This temple was erected that the Israelites might go there as we do here, and offer their supplications to God in their various necessities, but more especially amid the miseries and calamities which their sins had brought upon them. Among these calamities Solomon recognizes War as being the principal, and he suggests that in this calamity God hears from heaven the prayer of a people who are sincerely disposed to amend their lives.

The text then, in its application to the war which has been brought upon us, teaches plainly, that the cultivation of true personal piety on the part of the people is the way to secure the aid of Almighty Power in maintaining our cause. The patriot who wishes most to see this war brought to an honorable close, will do well to consider the bearing which a true religious interest among all the people here at home may have upon this earnestly desired object. The influence of the home he has left reaches the soldier in his camp. If that influence is essentially religious, he will feel its blessed presence giving comfort and strength, whether languishing in the crowded hospital or anticipating in his camp the perils of approaching battle. If the churches are full of religious life, said a fine speaker at one of the late anniversary meetings, there is an underground railroad by which every throb of that new life is communicated to the army. Impressed with this truth, I have been led in this discourse to point particu-

larly to some of the reasons why the people at home should especially turn their attention to religion in this sad time of war.

1. One of the cogent reasons for listening earnestly to the teachings of religion, especially on the Sabbath, is, that through all the other days of the week this war is uppermost in our minds. It is the prevailing theme of conversation. When neighbor meets neighbor in the street, what each most wishes to know from the other is the latest news from the battle-fields. We are not satisfied to hear about it from the lips of others: we want to read the description of it for ourselves. Hence we wait impatiently for the coming in of the evening mail. We open the daily or weekly Journal, and peruse it with an avidity equalled only by that with which the novel-reader sits down to the last romance the press has produced. Almost every column we read is filled with war,—the bloody details of battle. In this way the whole community are kept continually in commotion, sometimes depressed with sorrow by rumors of defeat, and then elated with joy at the news of victory, and with a hope that national difficulties are near at an end.

Amid all these varied emotions with which the mind is agitated through all the week long, who is not almost ready to exclaim, with David, “O that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.” May we not find such a refuge as the prophet sighs for here, in the sanctuary, in the calm hour which we spend here together in communion with the Most High, in turning our thoughts heavenward, to that purer world which he has designed for us, and where the sacred quiet shall never be broken by the sounds of war or the vexations of earth.

War news, military speeches, slavery as connected with our present conflict, vast expenditures, the increase of armies, foreign intervention, the policy of the President, rumored changes in his Cabinet, plans of emancipation, the

future of the country, — all this, and more, I admit is important. But of all this we hear enough through the week, through every day of the week. Yet ministers are prone to believe that they cannot interest their congregations without speaking of things relating to the war. But when the Sabbath comes, when this hour of worship comes, is it not better to let these subjects drop, to turn our minds to things still higher than these, and let its thoughts rest in the calm, spiritual atmosphere of heaven? As a weary traveller sits on the summit of a lofty mountain, he looks down on fogs, vapors, perhaps roaring cataracts, noisy cities, and many tumultuous scenes beneath him. Sometimes he can witness there the sublimities of a thunder-tempest, while he, lifted above it all, is enjoying calm, serene weather, nearer the blue depths of heaven, inspired with brighter views of God by the surrounding grandeur, and realizing a nearness to him which his soul could never experience in the low regions beneath. So when the Sabbath comes, let it be to us as the mount that shall lift us far above all the troubles and excitements, anxieties and fears, that distract other days of the week. But how can the Sabbath be made to us such a mount, lifting us nearer heaven? Never can it be such, if what we shall listen to here has a tendency to drag down the soul to earth, — to its strifes, its bloody carnage, its schemes of low ambition, its grovelling systems of politics, its various reforms, so mixed up with these that it is hardly possible to speak of the one without meddling with the other, its sharply disputed questions, which the pulpit cannot touch without stirring up passions, or feelings wholly at variance with the sacred purposes of the day. Washington Irving said that he was a better man on Sunday than any other day of the week. But can we be made better by the Sabbath, if we always make it a day to discuss such subjects as those to which I have referred? I admit that times may come along when it may be proper to introduce them, at least so far as is needful to let the people know the opinions of their religious teachers in relation to

these subjects. The present war, so strange and unnatural, so mean and wicked on the part of those who commenced it, — this on special occasions may be made, should be made, a subject for the pulpit. It is becoming that we look at it here, and see how it appears in the light of Christianity, how it can be reconciled to its peaceful and blessed teachings, to the forgiving spirit of Christ, who is called the Prince of Peace. To show this is a duty incumbent on the pulpit; and if it is not done here, plainly and effectually, the impression will go forth into the world that we Christians are making war upon our enemies when Christ commands us to love them. We are to show that the truest love for an enemy may demand that we hold a bloody conflict with him, in order that he may not ruin himself, and crush the hopes of millions. There may be cases in which Christian love absolutely requires that we threaten death upon others, to save them from a greater evil than death. You may have read or heard of the story of the father, who, seeing his son had rashly climbed up to the masthead of his ship as she was proceeding on her voyage, and perceiving that an attack of dizziness was about to precipitate him from the awful position to the deck below, which would dash and destroy him instantly, he levelled his gun at him, and threatened to shoot him if he did not jump that instant into the water from the dizzy height. The son obeyed, leaping immediately into the ocean beneath, in consequence of which his life was saved. So in our relations with the South, — a true Christian love, like that even which the heroic father entertained for the son, should prompt us to level at them ten thousand cannon, to save them from ruining themselves by destroying their nationality, and the government under whose protecting flag they and their ancestors had enjoyed many years of security and prosperity.

Thus it is proper, if not necessary, for every religious teacher to speak occasionally of the war, to show, if nothing more, how the advocacy of it can be consistent with the spirit and principles of the Gospel. But to do this often is not needed.

It is not what the more serious and intelligent portion of the people wish for. They wish, I venture to say, to let their minds on the Sabbath pause and turn aside awhile from exciting discussions and the tumults of war. They feel, or if they do not, they ought to feel, that there are other things which, after all, are more important to each one of us personally than the most glorious result that this war can bring to mankind. The war will pass away, the shouts of victory will be ended, the smoke of battle will vanish, the groans of the wounded and the dying will be hushed in the grave, and the booming of hostile cannon will be heard no more. All this will come to an end, while the characters which we have formed, and which are forming now, will remain, and will be all that we can rely upon at last to give us true happiness. While, therefore, we are conscious of an intense interest in this war, in the vast national changes and events that will proceed from it, never should this interest be allowed to absorb that which every one ought to feel in forming his character after the model of Christ.

2. When I speak of character as that which more nearly concerns every person than the result of this war, I am reminded of a second reason why we should be more earnestly engaged than ever in listening, especially on this day, to the purely religious teachings of the pulpit. I refer to the danger of giving too much growth to the retaliating element of our nature. This always needs to be held in check, but particularly so in time of war, which serves to produce and increase it. War carries in its train so many far-reaching, corrupting influences, that every one should be very watchful lest they reach and infect his own character. It is the experience of the best Christians, that they find in these times a change secretly going on in their general temper and dispositions. They perceive indications of this in the altered feelings with which they read the warlike passages frequently found in the Psalms of David. In some of these he seems to imprecate in a bitter tone of retaliation Divine wrath and vengeance on his

enemies. I presume these passages previous to the war could not be read by Christians of the present age with an approving conscience, and were commonly regarded as adapted only to the rude and barbarous age in which David lived, and not at all intended to breathe the spirit which Christians are to cherish under the higher and purer dispensation of the Gospel. But since this war has been in progress, the hearts of many Christians, that had long received inspiration from the Sermon on the Mount, have been gradually coming down to a level with the warlike tone and harsh retaliation which those passages breathe. This at least is to be feared. In spite of the mild, peaceable, and gentle teachings of the Gospel, those Psalms which in some places express the war-spirit in most glowing language are read now in some of our public meetings heartily, without any attempt to soften their harshness, and without any hesitation as to their moral effect. Among the thanksgivings which come from some pulpits, none perhaps is uttered more earnestly than that of David, where he says, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." When the true, tender-hearted Christian hears this language from the lips of the minister who adopts it in his prayer, or takes it for his text, I doubt not that it grates harshly upon all those kind, pacific, mild, and sweet dispositions which he has been accustomed to cherish in taking the Gospel for his guide. It seems to him so strange, so different from what he has been taught to regard and love as the general teachings of Scripture, that at first his mind recoils and shrinks away from the language, and earnestly asks what it means, whether it is right? I feel compelled to answer, that the terrible times that have come to us seem to render this language not only applicable, but justifiable, when used in the proper spirit,—that the purest saint must approve of it, when he considers that the war on our part is only a just and holy resistance to a rebellion that would carry back the best portion of the human family towards barbarism, and

give to the few the power to tyrannize over the many. Not to resist such a rebellion would be as bad as not to lift a hand against the robber who should come stealthily to pillage and destroy the roof that covers us, and all under it that is most dear to us.

But while the extraordinary case is before us in which the Christian must resist unto blood, and assent to the use of warlike language and weapons as justifiable, he must at the same time be all the more careful to bathe his own spirit in the fountain of Divine love, to keep his heart warm with all those kindly sentiments that breathe in the Sermon on the Mount. These constitute the peculiar spirit of heaven; and in order to keep it alive in his soul, when that of war is so rife around him, he needs that his Sabbaths at least should be given up to religious subjects, to the love which Christ inculcates; he needs that the words which he listens to to-day should generally be such as to keep war and its bloody fields as much as possible out of sight; should be such as to lead his thoughts heavenward, to make him feel that heaven is his home, that his great business on earth is to form a character that shall fit him for its eternal blessedness. Words which have this effect should be listened to more earnestly than those which convey to us war news, or victories gained at the ballot-box.

3. We should be more interested now in listening to the teachings of religion, because the spirit of it in this time of war is more needed than ever. When the multitude of our soldiers now in the army are disbanded, and return to their homes, we can hardly hope that they will bring back with them as good morals and principles as they had before they went to the war. The temptations of a soldier's life are frequently too strong for the virtue of those who enter upon it. Young men, like boys, when assembled in large companies, become wild and reckless, and are but too liable to corrupt and lead each other into mischief. The rudeness and coarse conversation of camp life must have a tendency to wear off

that courtesy, that civility of manner, which is in itself some protection to virtue. Many a young person is kept in the way of rectitude by the influence of home, and that of female society. Many parents, who imagined their sons to be correct and firm in their moral principles, have had the bitter unhappiness to see those principles violated, yielding to the first temptations they meet with outside of the family circle. Few men know how much of what is good in their characters is to be attributed to the gentle influence of woman. But from the benefit of these salutary, restraining influences of woman and home, the soldier in his camp is far removed. When far away among temptations to which he is not accustomed, and continually out of sight of the friends he loves the most, he is no longer under the most wholesome restraints against wrong habits. Such habits, when those restraints are taken away, are likely to tarnish the character that was fair before. Hence it happened that, immediately after the Revolutionary War, and the war of 1812, the habits of intemperance increased upon the country rapidly and fearfully. A large portion of the men, being absent for long periods, indulged in things which they would not think of doing at home. When the armies were disbanded, and the soldiers returned to their homes, many of them brought back habits of dissipation which they had formed during their absence. These habits, on their return, continued and increased, and, through the power of example, took a wide and fearful spread among all classes. From the conclusion of the war with England in 1812 to 1825 this habit had made alarming progress, and while it was producing poverty, crime, idleness, and domestic misery throughout New England, a few wise and good men saw the moral danger of it, and made at once a powerful temperance movement. From that time temperance associations were formed all through the land, and through their instrumentality the country has been saved from being called a nation of drunkards.

Now when the present war is ended, — Heaven hasten the
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time! — we have reason to fear, judging from the moral effects of other wars, that the march of dissipation and vice will receive a new impulse, as the soldiers shall swarm back to their old homes. I admit that many young men who have gone to the war have carried with them good principles and correct habits, so well established that they may bravely withstand the new temptations which must come in their way. Their previously good habits may be strengthened by the trial, and they may come out of the war purer and nobler men than when they entered it. Theirs shall be the double joy of conquering, not only rebels, but spiritual foes that are worse, and more to be dreaded.

But on the other hand, must we not fear that there will be thousands who will come home, not only with broken constitutions and crippled limbs, but with prostrated virtues, with habits of intemperance and the vices belonging to it? If so, how important to them will it be, on their return, to find us more interested in religion than ever, listening earnestly on the Sabbath to its spiritual teachings, actuated by its spirit, improved by its precepts, and clothed with characters that may improve and purify theirs. If they shall find us stronger in the principles of the Gospel than when they left, they may be reclaimed from the lower moral condition to which the temptations of a soldier's life have brought them. If they shall find among us a purer moral atmosphere than they have breathed in their absence, the moral condition of their souls may become more healthy in it, and they may recover in this respect whatever they have lost.

We at home must not feel discouraged when we see how few there are here who hardly feel sufficient interest in religion to support its outward institutions. Let there be few, only let them have true Christian hearts, a determination to speak out and live out the great principles of the Gospel. A few such earnest spirits will accomplish wonders. A few such will sustain a whole religious society. A few such, by their example, will send forth an influence that will reach and raise

up thousands from moral apathy, and reclaim the abandoned. Therefore the Scripture has said that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. And it does not matter much how large a whole there may be, provided the little leaven be pure and good. The minutest particles in the whole mass will feel its power. Some years ago, when foreign immigration was at its height, and thousands of poor, ignorant, perhaps vicious foreigners were arriving at our shores almost every month, and all Europe seemed for a while to be emptying the contents of her almshouses into New York and New England, fears were expressed that such vast numbers would spread moral corruption, and that we should be unable to educate, enlighten, and elevate them to that degree which would make them fit subjects for a republican government. But time and experience have shown that the little leaven yet remaining in Puritan New England has been doing this great work successfully; and this great mass of ignorance and vice has been so permeated by it, that many of these foreigners now are doing noble service for their adopted country in defending its government against the attack of traitors and rebels. Let a few of us, then, at home, be faithful to our privileges and true to our obligations; let us listen attentively to the oracles of God as contained in the Bible, and not only so, but practice accordingly, being not only hearers, but doers of the word; then indeed, few as we are, we should be able, with the Divine blessing, to reclaim to virtue, to comparative purity, a vast army, though every one of them should return to us with principles vitiated and good habits gone.

4. Another reason for feeling, in this sad time of war, a deeper interest than ever in the teachings of religion, is, that the benevolence it inculcates is especially needed. The war has brought with it, we know, a vast, melancholy amount of suffering to be relieved. Government perhaps has done all it could for its alleviation. It has built hospitals for the reception of soldiers wounded in battle, or seized with sickness,

or who have sunk down under the marches, fatigues, and exposures of war. It has placed there surgeons, physicians, and nurses to prepare and administer the medicines they need, and to wait on them in their weakness and exhaustion. But when government has done all in its power, there is still much suffering left, which can be relieved only by individual philanthropy. To do this effectually, a Sanitary Commission has been established. They have made pathetic appeals to all parts of the country, and, under the burden of heavy taxes and high prices for the necessaries of life, the people have met this appeal with a generous response. The ladies of the land, even those who were already burdened with family cares at home, have cheerfully given a large fraction of their time, labor, and skill, have searched their wardrobes, have given every fragment of a garment that could be spared for the suffering soldier; and thousands of Miss Nightingales have come forward to this work, no less tender and noble in spirit than the original one who immortalized her name in soothing the last moments of the distressed and dying on the battle-fields of the Crimea.

Now I would ask, Where is the fountain whence flows all this female benevolence? I know that they are by nature more tender and enduring in their kindness than the other sex. But such philanthropy as they have shown, and still continue to manifest, they did not get wholly from nature. If they did, Roman and Grecian ladies of ancient times would have shown the same tender care for the sick and wounded as they fell by thousands on the gory field of Pharsalia or the plains of Marathon. The records of ancient history furnish no such instances. And we could not expect it; for the Christian religion had not then dawned on the world. This is the fountain from whence human nature has chiefly derived that tender philanthropy which goes forward denying self, doing everything in its power to assuage the burning pains of the wounded, to relieve the destitute, and lift up the fallen. Does not, then, such a religion as this deserve and

need to be fondly cherished, and its teachings earnestly listened to, especially in this time of war, when ten thousand voices of suffering are heard in the land? Is there anything which can, like this religion, prompt the heart to heed these voices, and mitigate the pains they indicate? No, my friends; if Christianity were out of the world, and never entered it, there would be no such bright gleams of blessed charity as we now behold, to light up the scene that is darkened with the horrors of war. Amid the disappointments and defeats which we have often sustained, this charity long since would have been discouraged, and yielded, perhaps, to despair, if it had not listened to the voice of inspiration coming from Christianity and saying, "Be not weary in well-doing, for if ye faint not, ye shall reap in due season."

"It is the greatest folly (that is) in *Babel*, for people to strive about religion, as the Devil hath made the world to do, so that they contend about opinions of their own forging, viz. about the letter; though the kingdom of God consisteth in no opinion, but in power and love."

"If we did not know half so much, and were more like children, and had but a brotherly (mind, or good) will towards one another, and lived like children of one (and the same) mother, and as branches of one tree, taking our sap all from one root, we should be far more holy (than we are)."

"Knowledge serves only to this end, to learn to know (we having lost the Divine power in Adam, and so now are inclined to evil) that we have evil properties in us, and that doing of evil pleaseth not God; so that with our knowledge we might learn to do aright. Now, if we have the power of God in us, and desire with all our powers to do, and to live aright, then our knowledge is but our sport wherein we rejoice." — JACOB BEHMEN.

RANDOM READINGS.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

A WORD FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE December number of our Monthly Magazine reminds us that we close with it another year of editorial work, and that five years since the present editors took charge of it. We have tried to make it a profitable visitor to the family and fireside, and the medium of the best thoughts touching the religious experience and practical religious life. Our sphere has been neither theological discussion nor sectarian controversy, but Christian truth in its bearing on the heart and the conscience. We have had no controversy except in self-defence ; and while we hold our opinions as clearly defined as we can, and mean to express them with sharp individuality, we concede the same right to all, yet holding them in the spirit of the Master and in acknowledgment of his authority. We distinguish broadly between the Christian sects and the Christian Church,—those being temporary and provisional, this being universal and eternal, embracing the good of all climes and ages who look to the Lord Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Two tendencies of thought and opinion become more distinctly marked and defined from year to year. One is a drift towards mere natural religion, leaving Christianity behind as a religion learned out and exhausted of its power, and consigned to the superstitions of the past. The other is to unfold its divine riches more amply and profoundly, — to find in it a Christology more complete, more heavenly, than all the sects have evolved ; all-embracing, all-renewing, all-reconciling, flinging new light on the mysteries of life, death, futurity, nature, and the human soul ; avouching it as the one absolute religion involving science, philosophy, ethics, and taking them up as the solvent of their hardest problems. So we believe, and that the Christ not only will not be left in the dead past, but will be evermore a growing power in the consciousness of the living present.

So, then, liberal Christianity is not Christianity any the less positive, but a great deal more. It is larger than Unitarianism, larger than Calvinism, larger than Methodism, larger than Swedenborgianism, and transfusing them all, destined erelong to show their dogmas, not hard and clanging against each other, but moulding into the complete Christology that reveals the fulness of the Godhead.

On this tendency we embark our faith and our hope, and here we love to work. The signs are all propitious. In Germany, the reaction from the negative side to the positive is marvellous. Mark the contrast, — German Pantheism exhaling in Strauss, and German Theism culminating in Dorner on the Incarnation. In our own country, the earthquakes in divers places are indicative of a new coming of the Son of Man. Our political system, pledged to human oppression, had corrupted almost every form of religion, and directly or indirectly had subsidized them. It is some consolation, in the bloody baptism we are passing through, that we are passing not only to political but spiritual, freedom, and that spiritually as well as politically the voice out of heaven proclaims, "Behold I create all things new!" All revolutions produced by the conflict of ideas are but outward signs of moral and spiritual change, and the removal of some great hinderance that blocked the path of progress. Thus far the Divine Providence has led us marvellously, turning even the impotence of statesmen and the blunders of military leaders to high moral ends, as if determined, in spite of ourselves, to blot out our great national sin. No ship ever went down with Christ on board. The signs are unmistakable, that, though he had been long asleep, he is on board the ship of state, and that in time he will rebuke the waves.

Such being our heart and hope, we work on, awake to the signs of the transition age we live in, while our special aim is to speak to the wants, the hope, and the comfort of the individual mind and heart, and to bring to bear upon the personal religious experience the great truths of the Gospel. We take the stand-point of liberal Christianity, not because we believe everything that goes under that name, but because we believe it is the true ground of a goodly Christian fellowship, and an auspicious future for the Church. And here, at this close of the year, may we not urge upon ourselves and readers a new consecration to the Master. Only to those who follow the Christ with single purpose and unselfish aims are unfolded the riches of his truth and the growing experience of his grace. These times, more loudly than ever, call upon us to forsake all, and follow him, and seek a new baptism into his love. For as sure as he is the central and moving power of all history, so sure he is coming anew into his kingdom, sifting the tares from the wheat, parting the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.

EDITORS.

REFLECTIONS.

THE origin of evil is mysterious, because God is good. If he were not so, the origin of good would be the mystery.

Small cares dull the edge of great sorrows.

Providence shapes us on the anvil by repeated blows.

Suffering drives its ploughshare through the soul to soften and fertilize it. The bitterest experience is often the best.

Many a man whose outward condition is very good wastes his time in trying to make it a little better, and grows sensitive to petty evils faster than he can devise remedies for them. But he who seeks the happiness of others finds his own.

The surest way of gaining men's respect is to prefer your own approbation to theirs.

A cheerful temper is the philosophers' stone which turns all that it touches to gold.

Progress in good depends mainly on progress in goodness, and this is made very slowly ; but we have eternity to make it in.

When the mind is disturbed, its strength is impaired. Impatience is weakness and patience is power.

Many a victim of ambition rolls a stone up-hill like Sisyphus, only to see it roll back after it has reached the top.

Merit can afford to give a long credit for praise.

One point of difference makes a bigot overlook ninety-nine points of resemblance.

As our own notions of God cannot be right, we should not reproach others because theirs are wrong.

What is meant by a saving faith? No two men believe alike. If more than one man is saved by faith, there must be more than one faith that saves.

The faults which proceed from good qualities are the hardest to cure.

A man need not look beyond himself to see that retribution begins in this world. Conscience can make a hell without the aid of a devil.

A generation wastes away and sinks into the ground like a winter's snow.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Moral Culture of Infancy and Kindergarten Guide, with Music for the Plays. By MRS. HORACE MANN and ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: O. S. Felt. 1863. — In this book we have contributions from two superior minds to a work which, though it is often deliberately abandoned to the supernumeraries and the superannuated of society, demands for its successful prosecution the greatest and the best qualities. Every true parent will be interested in the account of the *Kindergarten*, or children's garden, and will be glad to know that the "Guide" is in some sort the record of successful experiment. For a multitude of children, to say the least, our common schools are little better than failures. Only when the school days are ended does education begin for very many. Then Nature and Society take the poor overgrown pupil into their hands, and light begins to break upon dunces who read badly, write badly, spell with the help of a dictionary, and understand an arithmetic which the merchant will tell you is of little practical use, and withal are fretted and angered by the whole process. Such, at least, are proper subjects for *Kindergarten*. To many parents these new schools will be a source of unspeakable relief. Miss Peabody has given a very pleasant and intelligible account of their methods, and, as we happen to know, the process of her own particular "garden" has been very encouraging. Lest, with the return of the cold season, the name of the school should be over-suggestive of "all out of doors," we may be permitted to add, that the term "garden" is figurative, and points us rather to the gradual unfoldings of germs, and the sweet influences of Nature, and the gentle hand of the skilful and patient husbandman, than to any summer-house lessons or walks in the fields, pleasant and profitable as these always are.

E.

Hymns and Meditations. By A. L. WARING. With an Introduction by the REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. From the Eighth London Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1863. — A very beautiful volume of sweet, simple, graceful Christian poetry, good enough to be gathered between the covers of a book, and, in our judgment, it should be better than the average to authorize that proceeding.

E.

Gala Days. By GAIL HAMILTON. Ticknor and Fields. 1863. — Gail Hamilton, spite of a little over-smartness and want of ease, is a very pleasant writer. She carries you along from page to page, when you have taken up the book without any purpose beyond a glance at here and there a paragraph. We are glad that she has brought out again the *Class-day* paper, with some revisions, too. She made some grave outsiders' mistakes in what she wrote about Harvard, — mistakes which were amazing in one of her strong and singular good sense; but in what she wrote about round dances she was wholly right. They are worse than barbaric, — a barbarism of the North, which, no more than the South, is immaculate. The essays are most winsomely set out by our princely publishers on *The Corner*. E.

Freedom and War: Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. — Beecher is a power, and for good, too, — a preacher of the kind that Queen Elizabeth hated with hearty hatred. Like the Jewish prophets, he will have something to say of the deeds and misdeeds of ruler and people, and cannot be persuaded that the nation may plead the right of eminent domain when the whole earth is claimed for a Divine kingship. The topics of the sermons may easily be guessed. "The Nation's Duty to Slavery"; "Against a Compromise of Principle"; "Our Blameworthiness"; "The Church's Duty to Slavery"; — these are specimens of the subjects. The volume is one which will prove to be of permanent value. It ought to be sent about as a whole, and also in parts, that those who run, as well as those who sit in studies and parlors, may read and be quickened. E.

Excursions. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — A biographical sketch by Emerson is given as a fit introduction to the "Excursions," and both together acquaint us thoroughly as words can with the character and life of one of the most original geniuses that ever lived. The "Excursions" are descriptions of the impressions from Nature which Thoreau received by living among its haunts and drinking in its influence with the love and enthusiasm of a worshipper. It became the only society in which he delighted. The only regular business which he had seems to have been that of a land surveyor. Into this he "drifted" because he loved the fields so

well, and the farmers who employed him would be astonished to find how much more of their farms he knew than they knew themselves; would listen to him with a sort of wonder as to one of the oracles of Pan. Such was his secret sympathy with Nature that he divined her secrets; and wild and noxious animals regarded him with fellow-feeling. "Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." The "Excursions" comprise nine separate pieces, among which are "Autumnal Tints," "Night and Moonlight," "A Winter Walk," "A Walk to Wachusett," "Wild Apples," "Natural History of Massachusetts." They are not poetic and sentimental descriptions, but copies of Nature's changes and aspects, made often with scientific exactness, always with a love as devoted as that of the swain who watches the changing beauty on the cheek of his mistress. His senses had been educated by his outdoor life to a marvellous keenness. The conclusions of the Water-Commissioners appointed by Governor Andrew in the famous Sudbury Meadow case, Thoreau had long before arrived at, who, with his keen and practised senses, had watched with a lover's fondness all the changes of the Concord River. The "Excursions" will not only be read as relics of this original genius; they will be read by those who love Nature, and desire to see her through the eyes of one specially anointed as her priest and prophet. s.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces, or the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD HENRY NOEL. With a Memoir of the Author. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Richter's novels, unrivalled in their way, are not yet popularly known among English and American readers. "Titan" and "Hesperus," two of his greatest works in this line, are said "to have solid metal enough in them to fit out whole circulating libraries." Ticknor and Fields have given us the first, and promise the second, meanwhile republishing "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," which exhibit the extravagances, the pathos, the humor, the richness, and the tenderness of the author's genius. It is a story of unhappy marriage, rendered more unhappy by poverty; and in the development of the plot the writer pours out his stores of imagery and satire and lessons of wisdom. His

two prominent characteristics as a novel-writer are imagination running into wild and wayward freaks, and never-failing humor, or to quote Carlyle, who is his most competent critic, "the language groans with indescribable metaphors, and allusions to all things human and divine, flowing onward not like a river, but like an inundation, circling in complex eddies, chafing and gurgling, now this way, now that, till the proper current sinks out of view amid the boundless uproar." We hope the publishers will find ample encouragement in giving to the public this series of novels. s.

Levana, or the Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The reader must not look here for a scientific treatise on Education. Some things are ultra, some rather dreamy. But the spirit of the book is rich and genial, and it is written with poetic insight into the nature and poetic sympathy with the wants, tastes, and feelings of childhood. Not only physical and intellectual education are included, but the development of wit, the love of beauty, and means of rousing the affections. It was evidently written *con amore*, and is full of pregnant suggestions. s.

Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a second volume of Zschokke. The first *Meditations on Death and Eternity* obtained popular currency through the recommendation of Queen Victoria, who had received comfort from it in her bereavement. The present volume is in the same style, deeply fervent and devout, though diffuse. It is on religious duties, principally those which pertain to the higher Christian experience, — applying to faith, prayer, conscience, growth, the fear of God, inward peace, suffering, example, anxieties for the future. It is a neat volume of nearly 400 pages, in the same style as the first, and a fit accompaniment of it. s.

The Black Man: his Antecedents, his Genius, and his Achievements. By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN. Boston: James Redpath. — With the biography of the author, this book contains the memoirs of fifty-seven colored persons who, in spite of depressing circumstances, have distinguished themselves in the various walks of life. It is the author's noble plea for his race, and comes opportunely, as the evidence

is forcing itself upon the public mind of the capacity of the negro, and the part he is to act in the opening drama of the Republic. We are grateful at this time for the new evidence afforded by this volume that the African is to have a future, and of his possibilities for all Christian excellence and heroic virtue. S.

The New-Englander for October is a very interesting and readable number. Professor Schaff's article on Œcumenical Councils is an admirable historical summary. Rev. W. W. Andrews, in a biographical article, does justice to the character of Edward Irving.

Neutral Relations of England and the United States. By CHARLES G. LORING.—The clear and sensible articles published by Mr. Loring in the Advertiser, making a neatly printed pamphlet of 116 pages. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Does the Bible sanction American Slavery? By GOLDWIN SMITH. Cambridge: Sever and Francis.—Goldwin Smith is a vigorous English writer, and one of the best friends of America. In this essay, just published in England, he answers effectually the London Times in its heathenish apology for American slavery.

Home Life. What it is and what it needs. By JOHN F. W. WARE. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1864.—This little book has grown: it was not made. The author says truly, as we could testify, were there need, that it has got into a form and vesture of its own, not because the writer willed, but because others would have it so, and were satisfied that what had been read with so much interest from the pages of "The Monthly" should be gathered up for reperusal and for a larger circle of readers. It is just what the pastor will be glad to put into the hands of the bride with what they call in the old country "the marriage lines," and it will prove, we are sure, an attractive and useful book for the holidays. E.

Geographical Studies. By the late PROF. CARL RITTER, of Berlin. Translated from the original German by WILLIAM LENHARD GAGE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863.—The introductory sketch very fitly and pleasantly introduces the learned and devout Ritter to the reader, and prepares him to study with interest pages that might otherwise look a little dry and outlandish. Even these fragments

from the father of modern geographical science are valuable, and are perhaps as much of the laborious German's ponderous tomes as we poor, busy mortals have time for. They will suffice, at all events, to illustrate the master-thought of Ritter, that the heavens and the earth were created that the tabernacle of God might be with men. In all her most profound utterances and widest generalizations Science is eminently and only religious. E.

Lunsford Lane, or another Helper from North Carolina. By REV. WILLIAM G. HAWKINS, A. M. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. — An interesting picture of the less painful aspects of slavery, and the story of a devout and honest colored man. It is valuable as an unexaggerated record of a social condition which will soon be known only as one of the things of the past. E.

Poems. By JEAN INGELow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864. — The name is a new name, and one takes up the book hesitatingly, as unwilling to spend precious moments upon what may prove to be worthless; but soon a line here or a stanza there yields the sweetness of genuine poetry, and so the reader reads on, and finds that the volume is a real addition to our literary wealth. The songs are the utterances of a believer, words of a genuine Christian trust, hope, and love, breathed out in a world of beauty and glory from the abundance of a rich and tender heart. E.

Heaven our Home. We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven. By the Author of "Meet for Heaven." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864. — It seems that some sixty editions of this book have been sold in England, — an evidence, if any were needed, of the eagerness with which even our busy world listens for tidings from that far-off country, which shall be our home. The realism of the author, even when it borders upon a narrow literalism, is refreshing. It helps one to be told that heaven is a place as well as a state, and that we belong, above and beneath, to a *family*, the members of which are not dim, ghostly, spectral, but clothed upon with body and form. Whilst some will vehemently dissent from the letter of the writer's teachings, more will rejoice in his stout affirmations, especially when in the time of bereavement the heart longs for the lifting of the veil that shuts out the better world from our feeblenesses. E.

Remains in Verse and Prose of ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, with a Preface and Memoir. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. — Tennyson has made Arthur Henry Hallam almost a dear friend unto thousands who, had not "In Memoriam" been written, would never have known so much as his name. They will be glad to have these Remains, gathered by the hand of a father twice bereaved, — a father who had more than one noble son to lose, and was called to resign them both. Brief memoirs of Arthur Henry and of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam give added interest to these poems and essays, the fruits of a youth so ripe that we may almost call it, in the words of our Apocrypha, an "honorable age." E.

The Witness Papers. The Headship of Christ, and the Rights of the Christian People; a Collection of Essays, Historical and Descriptive Sketches, and Personal Portraits. With the Author's Celebrated Letter to Lord Brougham. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a Preface, by PETER BAYNE, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863. — These newspaper articles have a permanent value, and have lost little of their freshness and power to interest. They are written in Miller's best style, and are admirable illustrations of the religious life and times of the people of Scotland since the Reformation. We have marked several passages, which we hope to transfer to our pages. The book must not be passed by of any as simply a republication of old essays and leaders: they deserve and will reward a very careful reading. E.

The Life and Times of John Huss, or the Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century. By E. H. GILLET. In two volumes. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Bohemia, shut in on all sides by mountains, with rivers that centre towards its capital, was the theatre where the first war of opinions which led on the Reformation was mightily waged, and where its light first streamed through the clouds. As early as 1345–1360, three men, Conrad Waldhauser, John Milicz, a Moravian, and Matthias, of Janow, preached with great power against the papal corruptions, and was each an Elijah crying in the wilderness. These, however, were precursors of the great reformer, John Huss, the story of whose almost miraculous eloquence, majestic virtue, and glorious martyrdom, is worthy of the first place in ecclesiastical history. It had never been worthily told, Luther and his

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co-workers having gathered about themselves the main interest of the Protestant reformation. But Mr. Gillett, in these two splendid volumes, has done ample justice to his theme. He has studied diligently the best authorities, and avails himself skilfully of them. He writes with enthusiasm, and with ardent love of his theme, and his style is transparent and flowing. The matter which he has collected is exceedingly rich, pertaining not merely to the life of Huss, but to his country and times. We mean to refer to this work again. The two volumes are large octavo, of over 600 pages each, and the bold, clear print and beautiful page are worthy the subject-matter. s.

PAMPHLET.

An Address at the Funeral of REV. GEORGE GOLDTHWAIT INGERSOLL, D. D. Delivered in Keene, N. H., Sept. 13, 1863. With an Appendix, by WILLIAM ORNE WHITE, Pastor of "Keene Congregational Society." — A very touching and graceful tribute to the memory of one who was a most faithful and acceptable Christian minister, a most genial man, an assiduous worker, and a cheerful sufferer, — one who amidst trials that would have utterly disheartened many, finished in joy the work which was assigned to him, and made to the end a good confession of the Gospel. He was worthy to be praised, and Mr. White has most worthily praised him. E.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

The Editors of this Magazine will be pleased to notice all books, as soon as issued from the press, if sent them free of expense, to the care of the Proprietor, No. 134 Washington Street, Boston. L

